ing to look at her ! It was no rare thing to see the crowd, to ask its cause, to receive the answer, " Mrs. Langtry ! " and to look in vain for the object of the crowd's admiring curiosity.

This was all the more remarkable, and honourable to public taste, too, because Mrs. Langtry's was not a showy beauty. Her hair was the colour that it had pleased God to make it; her complexion was her own ; in evening dress she did not display nearly as much of her neck and arms as was the vogue, yet they outshone all other necks and arms through their own perfection.

" No worker has a right to criticise *publicly* the work of another in the same field," Henry Irving once said to me, and Heaven forbid that I should disregard advice so wise ! I arn a\vare that the professional critics and the public did not transfer to Mrs. Langtry the actress the homage that they had paid to Mrs, Langtry the beauty, but I can only speak of the simplicity with which she approached her work, of her industry, and utter lack of vanity about her powers. When she played Rosalind (which rny daughter, the best critic of acting *I* know, tells me was in many respects admirable), she wrote to rne :

" DEAR NELLIE,—

" I bundled through my part somehow last night, a disgraceful performance, and *no* waist-padding ! Oh, what an impudent wretch you,- must <u>think</u> me to attempt such a part! I pinched rny arm? once or twice last night to see if it was really me. It was so sweet of you to write me such a nice letter, and then a telegram, too !

" Yours ever, dear Nell,

" P.S.—I am rehearsing, all day—' The Honeymoon * next week. I love the hard \vork, and the thinking and study."